Grego. The heads of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it sense that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of flesh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other seruing men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the law of our sides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I passe by, and let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs sir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe sir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. Is the law of our side if I say I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No sir, I do not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite my thumbe sir.

Greg. Do you quarell sir?

Abra. Quarell sir, no sir.

Sā. But if you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well sir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinsmen.

Sam. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy washing blowe. *They fight.*

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne amor
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy d

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put
or manage it to part these men with me

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizer

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partisons, strike
Downe with the Capulets, downe wit

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne*

Capu. What noyse is this? giue me
Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call
Cap. My sword I say, old *Mountagu*
And flourishes his blade in spight of me

Enter old Mountague *and*

Mount. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold
M. *Wife.* 2. Thou shalt not stir one

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his*

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemie
Prophaners of this neighbour-stayned
Will they not heare? what ho, you men
That quench the fire of your pernicio
With purple fountaines issuing from y
On paine of torture from those bloudi
Throw your mistempered weapons to
And heare the sentence of your moue
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie w
Bythee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our
And made *Veronas* auncient Citizens
Cast by their graue beseeming ornam
To wield old partizans, in hands as ol
Cancred with peace, to part your canc
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.73)